

# The Weekly Sunbeam

Vol. II. LOCUST GROVE, SONOMA. MARCH 7, 1883. No. 9.

## THE STEWARD'S STORY.

(continued.)

When he said this, I looked round, and was surprised to see that he had a glass directed to a point or so abaft the beam. No wonder he didn't see her, for the "Dryad" had not been idle all this time, and we were leaving the wreck well astern; the breeze, too, was freshening into a smart capful of wind. Upon hearing the skipper's remark, our first mate said,— "Bring me my night-glass, will you, Stedman?" "And get supper ready, Steadman," added the captain, in a way that sounded like, "What are you doing on deck, when you are not wanted?" Of course I took the hint, but what with going between the cabin and the galley, and listening at the foot of the companion, I heard and saw all that passed. Mr. Gilbert took the glass, and, walking right aft, looked over the taffrail a little to leeward. Presently he said,— "I see her quite distinctly, sir,— a heavy ship, from Bombay or Calcutta, most likely; rolling very deep, sprung a bad leak, I should say, sir; should n't wonder if

one of her masts when they went overboard had started a butt." All this Mr. Gilbert said without removing the glass from his eye. "She's abandoned, I suppose, Mr. Gilbert," said the captain, in a tone which he tried to make unconcerned, and without looking in the direction of the wreck. "Well, no, sir, I should say not," replied the mate decidedly, as he turned round and looked at his superior with some surprise. "I should say that there were some hands on board of her, if not all the crew; they have rigged that jury-mast with that rag of sail forward, and they manage to keep her before the wind pretty well, considering." "Ah, well, well, Mr. Gilbert, she'll do all right enough; she has a fair wind for St. Helena, and she can fetch that easily, I dare say, if the worst comes to the worst; besides she is in the regular track of the home-bounders, and some ship or other will be sure to pick her up. Perhaps the 'Planet' may fall in with her to-morrow or next day,—ha! ha!"

(to be continued.)

## LOCALS.

On Friday last Mr. Heymanson and Mrs. Clarke paid us a visit; Mrs. Clarke going up the Valley on Saturday and Mr. Heymanson went to the city on Sunday.

On Saturday Mr. Graff came up to see his nephews and niece before going to Mexico. He took his nephew, Guillermo Luebbert, to the city with him who returned on Monday.

On Saturday last several of the scholars took a walk to the "Haunted House," which is near the hills.

The apricot, peach, almond and nectarine trees are in full bloom all around us. If the warm days will only last longer we will undoubtedly have an early crop of fruit. The cherry and pear trees are trying to blossom, and in all probability will begin to bloom about the first of next week.

The weather changed very suddenly; this week being quite foggy, and last week very warm and clear.

Yesterday morning Mrs. Lubeck and Manuel Johnson went to Frisco. Mrs. Lubeck expected to bring Mr. James back with her. They will probably arrive this evening.

Our young typo, Master Luebbert, wanted some buttons on his coat the other day, and the young lady who

generally attends to that department of fancy work, thought from the weight of the aforesaid article that it would be as well to empty the pockets before going to work. This is the list of what she found in them:— autograph albums; 8 tops; 1 knife; 7 marbles; 3 slate-pencils; 1 bolt nut; 1 piece twine; 1 letter; 1 valentine; 3 "Sunbeams;" 2 "Rays;" 2 drafts on savings bank; and 2 quads.

All the hearts of Locust Grove were gladdened by the arrival of our dear friend and teacher Mr. James, who has been absent for quite a while. We all hope to soon have him teach us.

One of our neighbors, Mr. R. L. Watt, has raised an immense sized beet weighing 65 pounds.

## AMATEUR NOTES.

We received among our exchanges this week the "Elf," "La Whala," and "Golden Crescent."

The "Whale" now appears with a new name, "La Whala," which we think is more appropriate than the other.

The "Golden Crescent" is now printed by Wm. Sutton, and its typographical and editorial appearance gives great credit to the publishers.



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Will X with all.

## EXCHANGES

please send two copies.

## The Puzzler.

### CHARADE.

1. An ugly little fellow that some  
might call a pet;

Was easily transmuted to a parson  
when he ate;

And when he set off running, an  
Irish man was he,

Then took to wildly raving, and  
hung upon a tree?

(four answers.)

### CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is more foolish than sending  
coals to Newcastle?

2. When is a fruit-stalk like a strong  
swimmer?

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3. What is a man like, who is in the  
middle of the Hudson river and can't  
swim?

4. When is a tea-pot like a kitten?

## Answers.

### CHARADE.

1. Muf-fin.

1. Because he shrinks from washing.

2. One's earthy, and the other tidy.

3. Because they have both occasioed  
the fall of man.

4. We say he be going to Africa see  
(ave fricosee).

Up to the time of going to press  
with this page, we have not received  
any of the long words which we expect-  
ed would be on hand.

The streets of San Francisco are at  
present in a very gloomy state during  
the night, as the gas companies refuse  
to supply gas for the city at such a  
low price as is now given.

## FUN.

"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano. "I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squall you raise."

A lady gave a concert at her house. "Do you like Rossini?" she said to one of the guests. "Rossini? indeed I do; he is my favorite composer." "Are you familiar with his 'Barber' (of Seville)?" "Oh dear, no!" was the reply. "I always snave myself."

A young lady, named Buchanan, who was once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his bravery, said: "Now, M.———, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to the mouth of a cannon without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did.

A country youth came to town to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last a great snow falling he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be all undone. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

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